

AS the talk by Mr. Lloyd Ross, M.A., LL.B., "The Dream of Stockholm," from 4YA developed on Tuesday evening I could not but be made aware of two things: Firstly, the totally inadequate voice of the speaker in giving his subject matter and, secondly, the inappropriate title. His voice put me in mind of a copy of one of Turner's more vivid and daring sunsets done in water colours. Moreover, Mr. Ross was obviously much more impressed by the essential practicability of Stockholm and its residents than by any dreaminess latent therein. And yet the speaker's voice, so neutral, quiet and shy, would have fitted a verbal picture of Venice, as a spinnet fits the gavotte. But as the spinnet with its dainty delicacy is out of place in Wagnerian Opera, so was his voice in dealing with twentieth century Stockholm. And the title, the dream of Venice, Vienna, Madrid, Rome and even London, if you like, but not of New York, Berlin, Melbourne or Stockholm.

Apart from the inadequacy of his voice, which was, as I say, too soft and neutral, Mr. Ross was also much too hurried and indefinite in his delivery. Sentences ran into each other like the inconsequential rippling of a brook. Many of the excellent points of his speech were lost accordingly. I liked the description of this essentially modern Utopian city even if I found fault with the mode of its portrayal. And I congratulate the speaker on his very apt reference to the probable pleasure Ruskin would derive, were it possible for that master mind to revisit this earth and see so many of his advanced ideas actually practised in Stockholm.

The speaker conveyed the impression that perhaps of all the cities of the earth, Stockholm alone fully justifies the hopes and ideals which have theoretically

endorsed the advance of civilisation to the present era. In her conservation of sunlight and air—Nature's most precious gifts to mankind—Stockholm obviously sets an example which many of our much younger cities would do well to note and follow. Her cool acceptance of the artistic, and the natural manner in which the inhabitants accept such as part and parcel of their everyday life, compared with the modern practice of hoarding such treasures away from the popular gaze where they can do most good, seems both eminently sensible and refreshing. Here, apparently, the illusive theory of Ideal Socialism finds easy and practical application. Already am I persuaded from Mr. Ross's talk to visit Stockholm whenever possible opportunity presents itself. Had his delivery been improved, who knows but that I might have sought particulars of naturalisation and bought a Swedish grammar?

I WAS perhaps more interested in the somewhat novel method of introduc-

ing the talk from 3YA on "What is this Sunlight League?" than in the actual subject matter of the talk itself. For it took the form of a dialogue between a Christchurch man and his family doctor. Certainly the worthy doctor had not only to be an enthusiast on his subject, but had also to have a knowledge which would withstand the onslaughts of a very keen cross-examination. The doctor was particularly good; I thought his client a little too stiff and self-conscious. The subject matter itself was quite in-

well brought home was the extreme short-sightedness of some of our hospital boards in frequently retaining tubercular and other kindred cases in city wards, rather than taking the bolder step of establishing more and greater sanatoriums on the life-giving slopes of our wonderful Southern Alps and similar salubrious spots. The cities, particularly Christchurch, are cursed with the ever-present smoke and fog trouble. These two malignant allies will effectively prevent any permanent cures being effected in the city hospitals; so that looking at the question from the angle of cold economics and from the point of view of the ratepayers' pocket, even if from no more humane motive, it would seem more businesslike to go for the more permanent cure possible in the right localities, of which New Zealand has a plenty. The doctor deserves every support in his great campaign.

IN whatever else he may be, at fault, Mr. Norman Kerr certainly cannot fairly be accused of lack of enthusiasm for his subject. I have written elsewhere of the inadequacy of some voices for some subjects. Now what sort of a voice is desirable for a talk on "Physical Culture"? Perhaps it was mainly inability to solve the problem to my own satisfaction which caused me to tune-in on Wednesday to 1YA. If so my idle speculation was time well spent because I thoroughly enjoyed this talk. I am no enthusiast for "On the arms bend, keeping the trunk rigid," but I do love a true devotee, be his subject what you will. And if Mr. Kerr does not believe all he tells us, then he is able to deceive, not only me, but Michael himself—a difficult art.

He fairly breathed cold baths, early morning exercises, fresh air and that particular feeling which popular advertisement has made familiar. Congratulations to Mr. Kerr. Were I anything but a confirmed sluggard, and were the mornings just a little more propitious, I should be doing my daily dozen as well. He has made it so abundantly clear that the whole thing is only a matter of will-power and saying sufficiently often (and with the requisite gentleness) "Tomorrow morning I WILL —" that I simply dare not try it.

I AM sorry that my reception of Mr. Richmond's talk from 1YA was too poor to enable me to give a fair criticism. The subject, "Civilisation in America," certainly held possibilities of which, from what I could hear, the speaker was well aware. It seems slightly unfair to pass judgment on the delivery in view of the foregoing but, even allowing for my poor reception, it was still obvious that Mr. Richmond suffered from nerves. As a result considerable hesitancy in manner, coupled with too many "ers" and "ums"—to be followed by rather breathless rushes of speech—was apparent. The speaker undoubtedly possesses a good radio voice, and I hope that the next time he is scheduled to appear my set will be feeling in a kinder mood, and Mr. Richmond more at home before the microphone.

THE more I listen to these talks arranged by the New Zealand Manufacturers' Association, the more am I amazed at the wealth of real interest

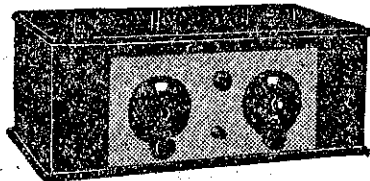
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triguing; in fact I foresee the necessity for our Christchurch medico to remain strictly incognito; if the general public heed his words carefully. For, not only shall we be immune from all the little ills to which the human body is at present subject, but, as time goes on, and always provided there is sufficient sunlight, from the bigger ills as well.

Not being either doctor, pharmacist, or vendor of patent medicines, I regard the lecturer as something of a hero, and intend to profit by his advice—next summer! A point which was particularly